The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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Silence.

Silently falleth
The pitying snow;
Bountiful rivers
All silently flow,—
Silently shineth
The sun in the sky;
Silently twinkle
The great lights on high;
Silently groweth
The corn in the field;
Silently, quietly,
Deep wounds are healed:
Silently loving,
A strong heart is won,—
Silently working,
A good deed is done.

Noisily waketh
The thunder's loud roar,
Noisily breaketh
The foam on the shore.
Loud is the cannon
And fierce is the strife,
When man against man
Is warring for life.
Hatred is loud,
And contention doth cry;
But softer than summer
Is Pity's low sigh.
Winds that are cruel
Are heeded by all;
But no man regardeth
When soft breezes fall.

Earth's loudest battles
Will cease before long;
Goodness is silent,
And silence is strong.
The Temple was builded
Without any clamour—
No voices of workmen,
Nor sounds of the hammer;
The kingdom of Heaven
In silence is growing;
The nations, like rivers,
Unto it are flowing.
We hear of the wicked,
Their vice and their woe,
But the prayers of the saints
Have no record below.

A Simple Gospel.

A SERMON,

BY REV. JOHN HUNTER.

"*Trust in the Lord and do good.*"—PSALM xxxvii. 3.

It is good, in these days of religious questioning and strife, to get back to such a simple confession of faith as this: 'Trust in the Lord and do good.' This little, familiar text covers everything essential; it expresses the sum and substance of religion, and the great secret of right living. To bring us to the temper and state of trust and obedience is the end of everything; the end of our mortal discipline and experience; the end of all human aspirings and strivings, and of all Divine inspirings and revealings; the end of the ministry of Jesus Christ, and of all ministries of the Spirit and ministries of the Church. The Son of Man lived and taught, suffered and died, to make this trust and obedience possible and more possible; to bring men out of bondage to invisible terrors and selfish passions; to quicken and nourish in men confidence toward God and loyalty to the Divine order and law of human life

The great problem which is set before every man is not to solve and interpret the riddle of the universe, but to live faithfully and bravely his own life. We need just so much religious assurance and inspiration as will enable us to do this; enough to give us confidence, courage, hope in the struggle of our days to be the men and women we are meant to be and ought to be.

There are questions concerning life and God which we cannot answer, mysteries which the keenest thought cannot penetrate, and which rise before us in every direction in all their ancient solemnity. Yet that matters not, if only

we can know enough to enable us to have confidence in the essential goodness of the universe and life; enough to nourish the calm and deepening sense that all is well; enough for the perception and performance of duty; enough for the culture of character; enough for the exercise of patience, charity, and hope; enough to inspire strength and peace. It is just this measure of knowledge, and no more, which we need for the practical purposes of life.

We do not need the knowledge of a god to live the life and to do the work of a man: but on the other hand, there must be some knowledge before there can be trust, some foundation in knowledge for the faith which goes beyond knowledge. The God with whom we have to do is not an austere taskmaster, seeking to reap where He has not sown; He gives us grounds and reasons for trust before He solicits trust. In the world of nature and man, in the best thoughts of our own minds, in the best affections of our own hearts, in the best experience of our own lives, in the witness of saintly and prophetic souls, in the life and work of Jesus Christ—God has revealed enough of His character and will to quicken and sustain trust in His righteousness and love, when clouds and darknesss are round about Him, and mystery besets us behind and before, and we cannot walk any more by sight.

WE MAY TRUST THE UNIVERSE.

The confidence that the universe is essentially beneficient in all its operations, though it transcends actual knowledge, is yet based upon it. An earlier science, by its revelation of the severe side of nature, may have turned some minds away from faith; but a later and truer science is restoring religious conviction by quickening and increasing our confidence in the nature and course of things. The more we search and the more we study the relation of each part to the whole, and of the whole to each, the more do we see that what we call evil is but good in the making. There is no trace of curse and caprice anywhere. Everywhere we see wisdom and goodness—one purpose, one law, one power, one God, throughout the universe. At the root of all the seeming hardness and severity of nature, there is the everlasting faithfulness and love of God. The universe is what Jesus Christ says it is, 'My Father's house.'

WE MAY TRUST LIFE.

We cannot hide from ourselves the dark side of human life, and we do not want a faith which does not fully recognise it; but when we study the drift and tendency of things God becomes his own interpreter. God and good are perceived to be one, and our human world is seen to be moving through such processes as moral growth requires toward harmony with good. 'If God made this world,' says one, 'I should not like to be God—its woes would break my heart.' But the world is not made; it is only in the process of making. The week of creation is a long week. Wait! The end will explain and vindicate both the length and severity of the process. God's world when finished will be far, far better than our best thought of what a world might be and ought to be. A careful study of the past affords sufficient justification for our largest expectations as to the coming years. The movement is ever towards good. The centuries grow juster, more merciful, more peaceful.

Step by step since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

WE MAY TRUST GOD AS OUR FATHER AND SAVIOUR.

The little word "trust" describes what ought to be our attitude towards God in all our personal and immediate relations to Him. God ought not to be the object of any base fear; He is the refuge from all such fear. It is not from God we require to be protected and saved; He is our Protector and Saviour. 'The Father, Himself,' said Jesus, 'loveth you.' In our struggle with sin we have no divine wrath to appease and no divine indifference to overcome. We have no need to placate God, or to prevail upon Him to help us. He is our Father; we are His children. We need no other plea. It is through our own filial dependence and trust, and not through priests or the fire and blood of sacrifice we draw near to God. This is the living way to God which Christ revealed. Faith in God is the faith of Christ. To see God as Christ saw Him and declared Him is to trust God and to be at rest in Him. The history of much that is called Christianity may be largely a history of distrust and fear, and there may be little trust and hope in the common phases of religion; but when we

return to Christ we return to confidence and courage, to tranquility and joy.

WE MAY TRUST GOD FOR ALL THE FUTURE.

It is natural to desire some clear and authentic assurance concern ng the life that lies on the other side of death. A longing to pierce the darkness comes at times to all who have loved and lost. When knowledge fails superstition often comes in, and men and women become the victims of their own credulous fancies and fears. But it is well that we do not know. In drawing a veil over to-morrow, God is not dealing with us as an austere and capricious Master, but as a Father who pities His children and knows what they can bear, and what is best for the healthy movement and progress of their life. We must leave the future to trust and hope. Yet it is not altogether a matter of uncertainty. The Divine Goodness is an everlasting certainty. God will be in the future what He is in the present. He rules all the worlds with equal justice and equal love. Not alone for these brief and troubled mortal years is He our Father and Saviour, but for ever. His laws will never play false with us; His mercy will never fail us. In this life we are in the hollow of His hand, and death only casts us more entirely into His righteous and gracious power. Let us put aside all tormenting fears and anxieties as to what God may be or do to us hereafter. Whatever may be the mystery of the future, the most truly Christian disposition is the most trustful and hopeful disposition. In a universe over which such a God reigns as Jesus Christ revealed there is surely nothing too good to be true. The reality will be better than our best thought and fairer than our fairest dream.

TRUST IN THE LORD AND DO GOOD.

Trust in the Lord—*there is our attitude toward the unknown and the unknowable.* The unknown and the unknowable may be, and ought to be trusted. With one of our modern seers we surely can say: "All I have seen bids me trust the Creator for all I have not seen."

Do good—*there is our duty in the region of the known*, in the realm of human relation and circumstance, in the realm of daily life. We cannot choose our life, but we can choose the way we shall live it. We can resolve and strive, whatever betides, to be good and to do good; ever to be loyal to the truest and best we know, and thus to compel the rapidly vanishing days to leave a blessing behind. We can subdue the temper which troubles and makes unlovely our life with others. So near as this and so simple is the b ginning of the Christian life. So near as this and so simple is the way out of perplexity and doubt toward certainty and peace.

The universe is in league with truth and righteousness of life. To be moving towards good is to have directly on our side the power that is making and ruling the world for good, and to have become active partakers in the Divine triumph over evil.

Ruskin on the Bible.

All the theories possible to theological disputants respecting the Bible are resolvable into four, and four only.

(1.) The first is that of the illiterate modern religious world, that every word of the book known to them as "The Bible", was dictated by the "Supreme Being, and is in every syllable of it His 'Word.'"

This theory is of course tenable by no ordinarily well-educated person.

(2.) The second theory is, that, although admitting verbal error, the substance of the whole collection of books called the Bible is absolutely true, and furnished to man by Divine inspiration of the speakers and writers of it; and that every one who honestly and prayerfully seeks for such truth in it as is necessary for his salvation, will infallibly find it there.

This theory is that held by most of our good and upright clergymen, and better class of the professedly religious laity.

(3.) The third theory is that the group of books which we call the Bible were neither written nor collected under any Divine guidance, securing them from substantial error; and that they contain, like all other human writings, false statements mixed with true and erring thoughts mixed with just thoughts; but that they nevertheless relate, on the whole, faithfully, the dealings of the one God with the first races of man, and His dealings with them in aftertime through Christ; that they record

true miracles, and bear true witness of the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.

This is a theory held by many of the active leaders of modern thought.

(4.) The fourth, and last possible, is that the mass of religious Scripture contains merely the best efforts which we hitherto know to have been made by any of the races of men towards the discovery of some relations with the spirit world; that they are only trustworthy as expressions of the enthusiastic visions or beliefs of earnest men oppressed by the world's darkness, and have no more authoritative claim on our faith than the religious speculations and histories of the Egyptians, Greeks, Persians, and Indians; but are, in common with all these, to be reverently studied, as containing a portion, divinely appointed, of the best wisdom which human intellect, earnestly seeking for help from God, has hitherto been able to gather between birth and death.

This has been, for the last half-century, the theory of the soundest scholars and thinkers of Europe.

The Laymen's League.

BY REV. SAMUEL J. BARROWS.

The object of the Laymen's League is to encourage church attendance. It had its origin in a small town in New England. There are three churches in that town. For the last year or two, any one of these churches could hold them all. What was the reason? It was not in this case because there were too many churches for the population: it was because the population did not get into the churches. Why did they not get in? The doors were wide enough, the aisles were ample, the bell rang its Sunday-morning invitation with sonorous solemnity; yet the people did not come. The pastors of these churches were much disturbed by the fact that the larger part of their congregations were outside of the church, when they ought to have been inside. Be it said that the pastors of these churches were not great preachers. There are but few great preachers in a century, and this town was not big enough to hold one. The preaching was earnest and faithful, but it did not draw. The ministers sought eagerly for some magnet. They tried first one thing and then another. Vesper services, praise meetings, lectures, missionary meetings, and various other devices were employed, but with only temporary success. Some of the attractions were a little artificial; others had the effect to create a desire for highly spiced Sunday fare. The ministers were discouraged. So were the deacons. Even the sextons were a little nettled that their brazen-tongued proclamations were not better respected. What could they do about it? Little or nothing. This was a matter to be decided by the pews; and the pews did decide it.

When the annual meeting of the Monotarian Church at Empty Hollow was held, one of the laymen promptly moved that the church be abandoned. He did not see, he said, that it was worth while supporting a church if nobody went to it. He thought that it would be a good idea to give the minister and the sexton a purse, and let them make a trip to Europe. He believed in supporting the ministry; but as most of the pew-holders contributed money and did not contribute their presence, he did not see why they could not have a minister without the necessity of keeping an empty church. He moved that the minister be retained, but that the church be abandoned.

No sooner had this proposition been made than half a dozen laymen sprang to their feet. With one exception, they were men who were only rarely seen in church. They hired pews and paid for them, they contributed to the support of the various charities of the church; but their pews were habitually empty. These men suddenly discovered that they had a great interest in this church. It was closely identified with the history of the town; their fathers and their grandfathers had worshipped in this very meeting-house; the church was an institution of great importance to the moral and religious health of the community; to abandon it was to abandon a bulwark of civilization. Another confessed that he was a good deal of an agnostic. He did not pretend to be a religious man; he was too fond of staying at home and reading the Sunday paper; but he should be sorry to look out of his window and not see that steeple rising to the sky; he should be sorry not to hear the

music of that church bell. Somehow it helped him to know that others believed in the things that he doubted. He would not wish to bury one that was dear and near to him without some word or service by a Christian minister pointing to something higher than the grave. Two other laymen confessed their sins of omission, but delivered eloquent speeches in favour of keeping the church open.

Deacon Faithful then arose. His voice trembled. There was a tear in his eye. He had been deacon of that church for forty years. His father had been a deacon before him. Every one knew that the deacon never missed a service when he could drag himself into church. He seemed to be almost a part of its architecture. With slow and measured words, he spoke of the deep pain which the motion to abandon the church gave him. It seemed like a motion to turn him out of house and home. He loved every timber in that church. He didn't come there merely for the good it did the community: he came there for the good he got himself. He didn't come there merely to hear the preaching of the Word, although he laid much store by that; but he came to worship God. He felt that it was good to thank God for the blessings he had received, good to lift his soul in the sacredness of worship: it refreshed him and strengthened him for the duties of the week. Worship was a necessity of his nature, and he didn't want to worship alone. He wanted to meet the people of God in the sanctuary; for had not the Apostle said, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together"?

Deacon Faithful's presence was more eloquent than his words. There was a round of applause when he got through.

Then the original mover of the resolution arose. He said that he was much surprised and greatly gratified at the opposition which his resolution had excited. He had discovered what a deep interest many of the pew-holders of that church had in its existence. There were two ways of supporting a church: one was by your purse; the other was by your personality. This church had been supported long enough on the purse plan: it was time to try a little personality. These laymen must show their faith by their works. If they really believed in the church for any one of the reasons they had expressed, let them show by their presence that they did believe in it. He wanted not only their dollars, but the hands that gave them. He concluded by withdrawing his resolution, and offering another in its stead:—

Whereas it is the opinion of this meeting that the Monotarian Church in Empty Hollow ought to be supported,—

Resolved, That we will support it.

Resolved, That the pew-holders in this church constitute themselves into a Laymen's League, the object of which shall be to encourage church attendance.

Resolved, That every person who hires a pew in this church virtually agrees to occupy the seat he hires.

Resolved, That we will not only go to church ourselves, but take our children with us.

The mover of the resolution said he wanted this passed by a retail as well a wholesale vote; he would pass it round for signatures, if adopted by the meeting. The resolution was unanimously passed, and was then signed by every layman present. As the author of it remarked, he wanted the laymen not to subscribe their money so much as to subscribe themselves.

The next Sunday, the sight at the Monotarian Church was an unusual one. Nearly every pew had its representative. There were laymen who had not been seen inside the church for months. It was evident that the church was pretty strong when its members turned out. The pulpit could not help gaining something of strength which came from the pews. Deacon Faithful said he had never known the pastor to preach better. And there was a marked improvement in the singing. The whole service felt the tonic effect of a good congregation.

The organization of the Laymen's League put this church on a good, strong footing. It was, perhaps, rather hard for some of the covenanters, who had not obeyed the Sabbath bell with alacrity for some years, to heed its Sunday-morning summons; but the pledges were well kept, and they soon found it just as easy to go to church Sunday morning at half-past ten as it was to get up and take the eight o'clock train during the rest of the week.

The organization of the Laymen's League had a good effect on the community. As there was nothing doctrinal or sectarian about it, a companion league was organized in each of the other churches, with a correspondingly good effect. The result has been that many of the

people who did not hire pews at all, or profess interest in any church, have been constrained by the example of their neighbours to join the Laymen's League. The non-church-going element in Empty Hollow has been reduced to a small percentage of the population.

Deacon Faithful wishes such a league were formed in every church and every town in the country. It is not necessary, he says, to have any president or secretary, or any other machinery; all that is necessary is to take this pledge to go to church every Sunday, and to keep it.

Historic Notes on Midland Churches.

No. II.

BIRMINGHAM—NEWHALL HILL CHURCH.

Ministers.

Laymen, principally John and Matthias Green	1834-1873
John Cuckson	1873-1881
Robert Laird Collier, D.D. ...	1881-1883
S. Fletcher Williams	1884-1889
William Mellor	1889-1892
Addison A. Charlesworth ...	1893-

see page 197

Historic Note.

The earliest and most reliable record respecting the origin of this interesting society is in the committee's first report, presented to the meeting held on Monday, 15th December, 1834, at the "New Unitarian Chapel," Cambridge Street, Crescent, "instituted by young men who were formerly teachers of the New Meeting (now Church of the Messiah) Sunday School."

The three following resolutions were passed at a meeting held on 29th June, 1834, of the young men who had engaged to conduct the Sunday School:—

(*a*) That this meeting, believing that another Unitarian Sunday school and congregation is desired by a considerable portion of the Unitarians of Birmingham, do agree to form itself into a society for the promotion of these objects.

(*b*) That a canvass be made immediately for subscriptions to the above objects.

(*c*) That the venerable Mr. James Luckcock, the father of Sunday schools in Birmingham, be requested to take the office of treasurer to the institutions.

The young men raised amongst themselves and a few immediate friends subscriptions to the amount of £50 per annum, and on Sunday, 17th August, 1834, "with scarcely anything in the building except a few rough planks and temporary conveniences, and a few reading books, the work was begun." The school numbered 200. Divine service was conducted every Sunday by laymen, and on 14th December, 1834, the Rev. John Palmer, B.A., of Dudley, preached the first anniversary sermons in aid of the fund of the institution. This temporary chapel accommodated 300 persons. The teachers early established a library of 200 volumes. "They began by each person bringing any book or books which he was willing to spare from his own stock, and such as he could induce his friends to give."

By degrees the fund for building the new church was accumulated, in 1837 it had reached £250, and on May Day, 1839, the foundation stone of the present buildings was laid by Mr. Thomas Gibson, "with a silver trowel, which had been purchased by the penny subscriptions of the pupils." Mr. Gibson gave the committee £1,000 towards its building, considering that "he was giving it for the education of 1,000 poor children, and for that of thousands after them; and that to educate the people is the most effectual good which can be done for them." The church was opened for public worship on Friday morning, 10th July, 1840, when the first service within its walls was conducted by the Rev. George Harris, of Glasgow. At the subsequent luncheon many toasts were given, amongst them "The prosperity of this society, and may the confidence reposed in it by the late Thomas Gibson, Esquire, in making it the repository of his munificence, be religiously redeemed by its future labourers." To this sentiment Mr. John Green responded. It is of interest, also, to note that on this occasion the Rev. T. M. McDonnell, Roman Catholic priest, replied to the toast of "Civil and religious liberty all over the world, and may our elder Unitarian brethren, the Jews, be

)eedily relieved from all disabilities endured ır conscience' sake."

The architect was Mr. D. R. Hill, of irmingham. The buildings are in "the nglish or Gothic style of architecture." The nurch seats 1,000 people, and there is school ccommodation for 1,000 children. The ommunion plate and baptismal basin are the ifts of the Prime family, so intimately conected with the society.

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" "	1837.	p. 643.
" "	1838.	pp. 141 and 212.
" "	1839.	pp. 442, 547, 565.
" "	1840.	pp. 615-618.
" "	1841.	pp. 519-522.
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Christian Life,	1889.	June 22.

GEO. EYRE EVANS.

(Next month, New Meeting House, Kidderminster.)

In Tewkesbury Abbey.

Gethsemane." *"The Hymn of Praise."*

How beautiful it is to sit in the dim aisle of ome old-world cathedral, listening to the 'aves of sound which the organ floods forth 'om its deep heart! How the sound-billows oll and thunder through the mighty caverns f the vaulted roof; and the sobs of pain and nguish, and the breathing of divine love and ompassion, how tremblingly at first, then enderly but triumphantly they well forth, ıedding indescribable peace and benediction n the listening hearts!

Oh music! mightiest of God's gifts to touch ıe soul of man, how wide-reaching and eneficent thy sway. Rough hearts by thee re moved and softened, although they under-:and not why.

And nowhere more than in these vast uildings, which tell of the pomp and pride f the early Church, as interpreted by despotic cclesiastics to an ignorant and believing eople—nowhere more than in *these* walls, ometime the scene of clanging fight and nan's sin against his brother, but also of econciliation and forgiveness—nowhere more than here does thy divine messenger breathe out his heavenly blessing with such impressive, soul-stirring beauty. The dim aisles, with glimpses betwixt pillars of softly glowing windows, rich in pictured lore, seem the mysterious portals of that fairer world towards which we *all*, by different ways, are tending.

The Toilers and Moilers of "the Lye."

["The Lye" is a nail and chain-making district on the outskirts of Stourbridge. It has acquired an unenviable notoriety as a place where women and girls stand at the forge and pursue trades only fitted for men. We have had there for many years a most successful Mission Church. The present minister, the writer of this article, is worthily carrying on the work, and we trust his appeal for help will not be in vain.—ED.]

A few months ago I received a visit from my friend H——. He is of an enquiring turn of mind. It was natural, therefore, that he should desire to visit the various workshops in the district, and so add somewhat to his many-sided knowledge.

Accordingly, after breakfast one morning, we sallied forth together. Our first visit was paid to a nail-shop where common nails are made. Some years ago the making of these nails brought to the worker a fair wage; but owing to the introduction of machinery the working of common nails by hand has long been a dying industry. At the present time it is confined almost entirely to women and young girls. The workshops being close to their homes they are thereby enabled to spare some little time to look after their homes whilst working in the shops near at hand.

Of course the workers cannot compete with machinery and the wages earned are very small. I was informed that after deducting the cost of coals necessary for the fire in the shop, and that of providing and repairing tools, etc., no woman, however expert, clears more than six shillings weekly, even though working through a whole week of six long days.

Other nails, however, such as frost-nails, horse-nails, etc., are far more remunerative, the workers—men as a rule—earning from ten to thirty shillings or more weekly. Many girls find occupation in the brick-yards, a very heavy kind of work for any girl to undertake. Unfortunately

my friend and I could not spare the time to visit these brick-yards, and since his visit I have not had an opportunity of doing so and of seeing for myself exactly what it is the "toilers" there have to do. But my friend and I, on visiting some large galvanising works at which there are some three hundred workpeople, found in what way a large number of women and girls are employed. These galvanising works form a leading feature amongst the Lye industries and give occupation to large numbers of people. As the nail trade dies out these come more and more into prominence.

Most interesting it is to visit these works and to watch the way in which blocks of iron after being heated in the furnaces are rolled out into thin plates. These in their turn are cut like paper by the huge shears, and turned and fashioned by the strong compelling force of the machinery. A little while ago the iron lay there seemingly without definite purpose; it is taken hold of by intelligent hands and speedily comes to have a meaning, a purpose and a name.

Of all sights in the Lye, that of the toilers at work making anvils and vices seemed to have for my friend an interest amounting almost to fascination. Here are to be seen men to whom Longfellow's description would apply:—

> "The smith, a mighty man is he,
> With large and sinewy hands;
> And the muscles of his brawny arms
> Are strong as iron bands.

And a sight indeed it is to watch these great strong men as with averted faces down which the perspiration pours in streams, they keep time with the rhythmic beat of their hammers welding iron to iron, and so fashioning anvils on which other smiths may work to a different, because often a solitary, music. There is danger to eyes and limbs in work like this, but the men do not falter. Great are the vaunted glories of war; far greater glory belongs to the men who amid hard toil hammer out for themselves and for their children a pathway through life along which they can walk, if at times with difficulty, yet with self-respect.

My friend H—— and I visited several other workshops, and watched the making of chains, from links of the slightest to those that would support a weight of tons, the lighter work being done by women and girls, the heavier by men not so strong but that the heat of toil tells severely even upon them. At the works of a spade and shovel maker we had proofs of the ingenuity with which the men overcame the obstacles placed in their way. There is often an inventive ability shown of the highest order. One man told us indeed in his business he was continually hindered in his work by the necessity of making new tools in order to complete orders for goods of a widely different character. Only the other day he showed me what an immense number of tools he had amassed owing to the variety of the orders he felt himself compelled to execute in order to earn a living in these times of trade depression.

We have, of course, other workers in the Lye besides those already alluded to—miners, anchor makers, etc. But these we did not see at work, and can therefore give no description of their work from personal knowledge. Nor is it necessary to say more, as many of your readers are doubtless better acquainted with the facts than I myself am.

The above will at any rate give you some idea of the lives lived by the "toilers and moilers of the Lye." Coming here as I did from a town like Portsmouth I could not fail to be struck by the contrast. There in comparison life seemed so purposeless; here full of meaning, if also full of sorrow, There was the life of pleasure; here is the life of work. There woman was largely relieved from hard toil; here very few escape it. When there is a large family—and that seems to be generally the case—the wife must supplement the earnings of the husband, if it is only by making common nails. The husband is not always so sober as he might be. Sometimes too there is no longer a husband, and the widowed mother must work for all.

This is then, as it seems to me, a distinct feature in the work here—the large share that women take in what is done. They have been trained to work all their lives, from the time that they were little children and had to look after little ones younger than themselves whilst their mothers were at work in the nail shop near. And so they do not complain. They have been brought up to the idea of work until it seems almost as necessary to them as their daily bread. Life is to them, as well as to their husbands, a life of toil.

It has been suggested to me that their lot might be lightened very considerably if some enterprising capitalist could see his way to start some industry here which would largely employ girls and young women. One can see the difficulties in the way; on the other hand the gain to the workers would be great. As it is, girls are often compelled to undertake work that is very unsuitable and for small pay. I am not at all sure but that, regarded purely as a matter of business, the introduction of such an industry would not amply repay its promoter.

Just now the depression in trade is telling very hardly upon the people here. Usually the suffering is not so great as it is likely to be during the coming winter. I find that in many cases the members of the same family when at work do not follow the same vocation. It consequently often hapens that whilst some members of the family are "at play," others are able to find work and thus a precarious subsistence is gained for the whole. At present, however, all trades alike seem to be in a bad way, and I dread to think of what the coming winter will bring. Happily, in spite of the hard times, habits of thrift are not neglected. We have, for instance, in connection with our own Sunday school a savings' club, consisting of about 160 members. A little before Christmas the amount these have paid in—about £120 in all—will be returned to them along with a little bonus. Thus Christmas will for many not be altogether without good cheer, although I fear in some homes, as was the case last year, there will be but very poor apology for a Christmas dinner.

And now let us for a few moments turn away from these purely economic considerations and look at the toilers of the Lye from a somewhat different point of view. Here we have a population larger than that of Stourbridge and increasing every year. No matter how bad the trade may be the people here do not leave the place except upon the most urgent necessity. The battle for existence is fought out on their native soil. That is one reason why the population does not decrease. The fact however remains; and it would seem to follow that the inhabitants of the Lye are destined in the immediate future to exercise considerable influence not only here but in Stourbridge, whose population they now out-number. Already in many ways is this influence felt even now. The two places are being more closely connected year by year. At the present time nearly one hundred people stream down a distance of one mile or more every fortnight to attend the Gilchrist lectures at Stourbridge. The Technical classes held at the Lye are not the least successful of those held under the Board. The health lectures held here week by week are not delivered to a mere handful of people. The lecture room is crowded by just the women that need the advice there given with respect to sick nursing, clothing, &c. No doubt much yet remains to be done, but how much has been accomplished! And the work is bound to go on, for all around are eager enquiring minds, not content to take things as they are, but determined to work their way up, even though it be by patient ways and slow, to something better than they have hitherto known.

One thing let me remark by the way. To outsiders the people of the Lye often seem to be very rough. No doubt there are uncouth people to be found, but let me say that much of this roughness is but apparent; in reality it is often but the outcome of an energetic nature, which has not yet learned to clothe itself in polite forms My friend and I during our round of visits were treated with the utmost courtesy not only by the employer but by the roughest looking workman.

Certainly the Lye has grown and is destined to grow. It has grown not only in numbers but in all those things that make for strength, stability, and progress. One hundred years ago it was but a rude hamlet, the people were little better than squatters, and until my own advent one still heard references to "the mud city." Now there is hardly one mud dwelling left, nay the presence of banks testifies to the great change that has taken place One hundred years ago there was but one place here in which Sunday services were held, services begun and conducted by the Rev. James Scott, of Netherend. Now there are two Episcopalian churches, several Nonconformist chapels, and all of these are, I believe, well attended. Within the last few months a new chapel has been opened in Pedmore Road. The Wesleyans and the Congregationalists have quite lately built class-rooms in order to provide accommodation

for the increasing numbers of their scholars.

We were pioneers in all this. It is incumbent upon us that we continue the work the Rev. James Scott begun. Still ought our voices to be heard on behalf of truth, of liberty, and of religion. The people of the Lye desire to listen to our gospel; we ought not to put difficulties in their way. And yet, whilst I write, we are crippled in our work for lack of funds. The chapel is insufficiently heated, the school-room is all too small. Shall our people be kept at home, or their children be turned away from our doors? Such is the question that faces us at the present time, for these things are actually being done, and we who worship here are utterly unable to provide the remedy. Whilst founding new causes will not the churches maintain the old? Now is our opportunity, which if let go may never again return, for other churches will build and find accommodation for the children if we do not, and so we shall lose them altogether. I do hope that our poverty will plead for us and not against us.

Hurried and fragmentary as this article necessarily is, I trust it will increase the interest of churches in "The Toilers and Moilers of the Lye."

I. WRIGLEY.

Darkness and Light.

Despairing and hopeless a woman went to rest, and she knelt and prayed: "O God, let me not lose thee out of the world! Injustice, sin, misery, starvation, baseness—these have I seen in this great city to-day, but thee I have not seen. These arise and blot out heaven, blot out thy name, and life without thee is death: nay, worse than death. Ah! God—God—Let me see thy face, or at least let me believe in thee still! If thou art—and my heart cries out that somewhere thou art waiting—speak to me, touch me, reveal to me in some way thy existence! God! O God!....."

But the heavens seemed godless even as the earth: there was none that answered; and darkness wrapt round the woman's soul. And the stars came softly out and looked down a message; and the trees whispered as the night air blew upon them: and the flowers grew in the silence: but she could not read their meaning. The still small voice was as yet without words for her.

But in the night God touched the woman's eyes.

And she awoke in the morning in a new world. She had thought it would prove a so much sadder, emptier world since it seemed *He* was not anywhere within it. But she walked through it in amazement. Sin, misery, starvation—these were writ as large as ever on the lives of men, but something else was writ there, too, which she had not seen before.

Goodness, patience, self-sacrifice, love, victory; and they towered up and pointed heavenward, and cried that God still lived.

In the street a woman bent kindly over a child, taking her own thin shawl to put about it, and giving to it the whole of her scanty meal!

A man she talked to was starving, but he refused to work as a blackleg and thus injure his brother men, who were fighting a battle against the unjust demands of capital. Rather would he starve!

A sick girl lay in a hospital, homeless and friendless, longing for a quiet place in which to die. A working woman in the same ward, herself getting well and soon to be discharged, offered to receive her into her home. She would take in the stranger, care for her, nurse her through the long months a consumptive lingers; be to her—mother, sister, friend; helping her to die gently. All without a thought that she was doing anything lovely and of good report?

The woman saw the poor suffer, but saw as never before the patience and divineness of their suffering.

She saw men lose their misery in sottish drunkenness; she saw women walk the streets; but she saw, too, men conquering the fiery craving, saw girls push from them with thin white hands a life of shame, choosing death rather than dishonour.

She saw many who loved and served their fellows.

And the woman took her shoes from off her feet, for she saw that God was in these deeds.

And she knew her prayer of the night before was answered, as in some way all prayer shall be.

God had showed himself to her, and had taught her that he is with us all the time, only we shut our eyes and cry to him instead of opening our eyes and seeing him. For goodness, love, self-sacrifice, these spell out his name, and witness for ever to his existence.

And faith came back again to her And the woman loved God once more. And life grew beautiful.

"I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and each moment of them ;
"In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass ;
"I find letters from God drop't in the street—and everyone is signed by God's name,
"And I leave them where they are, for I know that whereso'er I go
"Others will punctually come for ever and ever."

A. V.

The Christmas Tree.

THE Christmas Tree ! The Christmas Tree !
Rich are the fruits that hang on thee !
Fair are the flowers that on thee blow,
The fadeless blooms of the wreaths of snow ;
More prized than summer's wreaths, more fair
Than the smile old Autumn's trophies wear,
When he heaps the bright spoil of the tribute year
The first glad flower, the flower of Spring
We would leave *for these*, a withering !

Hail to the fir ! hail to the fir !
Where is the tree may vie with her !
She shot up strong in a single night
With fairy flowers, and gleaming fruits.
But yester-morn her bows were white,
Snow on the branches, deep snow round the roots,
Snow, snow ! her arms spread wide
In the misty air like a spirit-bride ;
Green, green ! now, they wave so green,
The glowing orange set between ;
And the blushing rose her home hath made
Amid the gloom of their dusky shade ;
Where was the charm that framed the spell
That wrought the radiant miracle !
That brought such brilliant buds to blow,
That ripened fruitage 'mid the snow—
It was something warm, so very warm,
That cold may never work it harm ;
A kindly dew that will not freeze,
That fell to raise such blooms as these ;
Something strong as the fir-tree and deep as its hue,
Found fadeless and firm, when the keen storm-winds blew ;
Is was Love ! kind Love ! that raised thee here,
Love for the friends that are near and dear !
It is thought for the absent that shines in thee,
Hail ! all hail, to the Christmas Tree !

Proverbs from the Talmud.

Ten measures of talk came down to the world ; nine were allotted to women, and one to all the world beside. A woman with a tongue is always armed. When the barley-barrel is empty it makes a loud sound in the house. Whatever a child says abroad, it must have heard at home. A physician for nothing is worth nothing. A doctor may give himself a certificate in a place where he is not known. The Shechinah rests where only there is gladness. Evil thoughts are at first like gossamer threads, but at last like cart ropes. One act of submission in the heart is better than a hundred stripes. A proud man cannot dwell in the same world with God. Even the man in charge of a well is appointed by God. The greater a man, the greater his temptations. The best of incense is silence. Speak part of a man's praise to his face, and the whole behind his back. The camel went in search of horns and had his ears cut off. One green stick is burned with two dry ones. If a man says "What shall I eat with my bread?" take his bread from him.

Moses and Aaron were once walking, Nadab and Abihu behind them. Nadab said to Abihu "When shall these two old men die, that we may be leaders of the age?" Moses turned and said "We shall see who will bury whom!" And, referring to this, Rabbi Pappa said—"*Many an old camel carries a load of young camels' skins.*"

Rabbi Eleazar was coming home from Migdol, where he had been attending the lectures of his master. He was riding at leisure on his donkey, and his heart was lifted up within him because he had learned much that day. He overtook a person who was very ugly and mean looking, and when this person saluted him with "Peace be with you, Rabbi!" he did not return the salutation, but said "Raca! what an ugly fellow! Are all the people of your town so ugly?" The man replied "I don't know, but go to the Workman who made me, and tell Him what an ugly vessel He made!" Feeling himself rebuked, the Rabbi dismounted, prostrated himself before the man, and begged forgiveness. "*Humility is never brought to the dust like Pride!*"

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Holly and Mistletoe.

A CHRISTMAS ADDRESS.

There is scarcely a house in the land but will be decorated at Christmas with holly and mistletoe. We hang up mistletoe in our halls, and make wreaths of holly for our churches, and we do this as one way of keeping in mind and celebrating the birthday of Jesus. Just as when a friend is coming to see you, you put on a bright bit of ribbon, or buy a flower for the table to show that you are glad, so we show our gladness at the coming of the Christ-child by making our houses and churches look as pretty as we can.

Only I want you to remember that this custom of using holly and mistletoe for decoration goes back a good deal further than the birth of Christ. It is like some other of our Christian customs, it has been adopted from heathen times and turned to Christian uses. Our old Teutonic forefathers had a great festival in the middle of winter as we have, and they had a fanciful idea that the elves and fairies and gnomes of the forest ought to be included among the guests. So they put up branches of holly, rosemary, bay, laurel, ivy and mistletoe in their houses where the little goblins might hide and have their nests, and find a shelter from the rough weather.

Now I am going to use the holly and the mistletoe as a parable, and I want you to notice the great difference between the two trees. The holly is a very strong, sturdy, independent tree. In some places in Surrey, for instance, it grows to a great height, as much as 60 and 70 feet. You all know what stiff, stout hedges it makes. Its wood is hard, and white, and very useful. Its leaves are always green, and in winter are a bright and glossy satin, while its berries are red as the reddest rose. It is so independent that it does not flourish under the shade of other trees, and weeds and vermin do not flourish under its own shade. The sharp points of its leaves protect it like a coat of mail, so that altogether the holly is a healthy, sturdy tree, the very picture of manly independence.

Now look at the mistletoe: it is not really a tree at all. It used to be, but it got into bad, lazy ways, and degenerated into what is called a parasite—that is, a hanger-on to other trees. In nature, parasites are those plants or creatures which live on others, which won't take the trouble to find their own food, but borrow or steal it from the industrious. In human life, parasites are the idlers, and beggars, and thieves. John Lazybones, who won't do any work for himself, but lives on his sisters or friends, is a parasite. The hulking whining beggar in the streets is a parasite—he lives on others when he ought to support himself. The people in prison are all parasites: they live by gobbling up what other people earn.

So the mistletoe is a most confirmed parasite. Finding that it could live by fastening itself on other trees, it ceased to send down its roots into the earth, and so, by not using its roots, slowly lost them. It can now only feed itself by hanging on to some other tree. If you put a sprig of it in water it cannot drink for itself, but if a bit of the apple branch on which it is growing be put into the water, the mistletoe will suck up the nourishment by means of the branch. It grows mostly on apple trees, pushing its apology for a root under the bark of the tree, and sucking up its life-blood. And, like all parasites, it has brought on itself its own punishment. Its leaves are no longer bright and glossy, but are a dull, leathery, washed-out green; its stems and branches are dry and brittle, without sap; the very whiteness of its berries, which you so much admire, is a sign of disease and not of health, like the white cheeks of sick children. It is in fact a pauper among the trees, having lost all its manliness and independence; and instead of the noble and useful qualities which it once had has become an encumbrance and a pest.

Which would you like to be, a holly bush, or a mistletoe branch? Is it not far better to be manly and independent and work for yourself, than to be a sponge, hanging-on to others? Even as children you may be learning those habits of sturdy self-reliance and hard work which, when you grow up, will make you nobly independent. What is the boy who copies his lesson out of a crib but a parasite? What but a parasite is the girl who, instead of saying "I will find out this hard sum by myself," cries to an older girl, "Oh! please do my sum for me." There are children who never seem to help themselves; girls who never think to sew on their own hooks and eyes; boys who go with dirty boots for a month before they will clean them with their own hands; and these children are preparing to become parasites—the sponges and paupers of human life!

For young and old this is a parable of religion. So many who are manly and independent in everything else are parasites in religion. They depend on something done for them by the priest, or by the church, or by Jesus, instead of working out their own salvation. Their religion is like the mistletoe—hanging-on to what other people have thought. They do not think for themselves: they do not pray for themselves. They have a religion which they have got from their fathers, but which they have never examined on their own account. Now, dear children, even you must learn to think for yourselves, to pray your own prayers, and judge for yourselves what is true and right, and listen with your own ears to God's voice. No one can do this for you, not loving parents, nor your minister. In religion you must be like the holly—manly, strong, independent.

There is an ancient aud beautiful fairy tale about the mistletoe which you would like to hear. Baldur the Good was the son of the Goddess Freya. But he was not immortal like his mother. Planning how to preserve him from death, his mother made all the creatures and plants of the earth swear that they would not hurt him. The oak and ash, the bee and scorpion, the tiger and bear, the wolf and shark, the thorn and the deadly night-shade all took the oath never to hurt this boy. But his

mother forgot the mistletoe that grew on the apple tree in her garden. She thought it was such a poor, soft thing, it didn't matter, and could do no harm. But there was an evil spirit called Loki, who hated the good Baldur, and whose chief aim and joy was to destroy his kindly work. Loki found out by some cunning means that the only thing in the world that had not taken the oath not to hurt Baldur was the mistletoe. So he made an arrow of mistletoe wood, and, having smeared its point in the poisonous white berries, killed the beautiful youth.

This, too, is a parable easy to read. An arrow made of the mistletoe may be as fatal to you as to Baldur. You may be proof against other evils and sins, but if you become like the mistletoe and adopt its manner of living —depending on others, then that habit will certainly kill all that is noble and good in you. You must think, and work, and act, and pray for yourselves.

JOSEPH WOOD.

A Kindly Deed.

A kindly deed
Is a little seed,
That groweth all unseen;
And lo, when none
Do look thereon,
Anew it springeth green!

A friendly look
Is a better book
For precept than you'll find
'Mong the sages wise,
Or the libraries,
With their priceless wealth of mind.

The little dole
Of a humble soul,
In all sincereness given,
Is like the wings
Of the lark, as it springs,
Singing clear, to the gate of heaven.

ALICE HAY JENNER.

The Holly Bough.

I love this glad season as yearly it comes,
With its frost in the meadows and mirth in the home;
I love in the landscape, when whitened with snow,
To mark the bright leaves of the green holly bough.

I love, in the early fresh days of the spring,
To mark the trees budding and hear the birds sing;
But now, while our holiday feelings o'erflow,
How cheerfully bright is the green holly bough.

I love, in the warmth of the summer-sunned hours,
To wander alone in the sweet leafy bowers;
But I love in this season to mingle the glow
Of social delight with the green holly bough.

Then gather it quickly, the berries and spray,
And hang it up high on this festival day;
Let love, mirth, and music unitedly flow,
All joyfully under the green holly bough.

News from the Field.

ALCESTER.—The Rev. John Dale has received and accepted an invitation to the pastorate here. Readers will remember that the chapel was recently re-opened after being closed for many years.

BANBURY.—The Sunday School Aniversary Sermons were preached on Sunday, November 5, by the Minister, Rev. H. Hill. The choir and the scholars sang a number of hymns to bright music at each service. Collections taken at the close of the services amounted to about the same as last year. There was a fair attendance.

BIRMINGHAM.—*The Old Meeting Sunday Schools.*—The annual meeting of subscribers and friends was held on Monday evening, November 13, when 250 sat down to tea. The chair was subsequently taken by Mr. J. H. Forrester. The Secretary (Mr. E. L. Tyndale) reported that there were nearly 600 scholars on the roll, and that the expenditure during the year had exceeded £80. Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Mr. Swann, and the Rev. J. Wood. A musical programme was afterwards carried through, in which the following ladies and gentlemen took part:—The Misses Eva and Grace Prime, Miss E. Townley, Messrs Gough and E. Townley.

BIRMINGHAM—SMALL HEATH.—We made a very good beginning with our services at the Little Green Lanes' Board Schools, Small Heath, on Sunday, November 5th, at 6-30 p.m., when the Rev. Edward J. Sale, late Congregational Minister at Solihull, who is a recent acquisition to our body, delivered to an audience of some 200 a stirring discourse on the subject previously advertised in the press—"Deeds not Creeds." To obtain so good a start a fair amount of preliminary work had been done. Invitation cards explaining our theological position, and inviting the co-operation of those in sympathy with the work we are proposing to do, were distributed in the neighbourhood, some hundreds of houses were visited by our friends, and personal invitations given to the occupants to join in the evening services, and to attend the Sunday Morning Adult School. A number of those visited, not of our way of thinking, attended the first and second services, and would probably have been with us yesterday but for the Arctic severity of the weather. But our main reliance is upon some dozen Unitarian families. The place of meeting, half-a-mile distant from the Coventry Road, is inconvenient for most of us, but it is evident, from the practical interest shown in the work, that with a good schoolroom of our own conveniently situated, there should be no great difficulty in establishing within a few years a self-supporting Free Christian Church at Small Heath. The offertory so far will compare favourably with that of any aided church of the Midland Christian Union. It is the want of suitable premises alone which prevents our at once commencing Sunday schools for the children of those who worship with us, several friends having expressed themselves as desirous of taking part in this important branch of church work. In six months' time, when the Somerville Road Board Schools are ready for occupation, we shall be more favourably situated as regards the evening services,

though, unfortunately for us, these schools are already engaged by our Episcopalian friends during the morning and afternoon for Sunday school work. The new feature of our movement, the Adult School for men, held from 8 to 9-30 on Sunday mornings, the only time for which the rooms are available, is one we regard hopefully, though we are starting under somewhat unfavourable circumstances. The time of year is against us, and the institution can hardly be said to flourish in this part of the city. But the least robust of our teachers said yesterday, "I have made up my mind that whoever stays away I will be there." With such a spirit animating us who can doubt of our ultimate success?

EVESHAM.—Mr. Rudolph Davis, B.A., has been appointed minister of the congregation at Oat-street, and will enter on his duties on the first Sunday in December. Mr. Davis, who is the son of the Rev. D. Davis, formerly of Lancaster, and now of Evesham, and whose brother is the Rev. V. D. Davis, B.A., of Liverpool, has hitherto been engaged in tuition, and graduated at London University.

SHREWSBURY.—On Sunday, October 22, the 202nd anniversary services were held in this interesting church, and were in every respect of an interesting and successful character. Large congregations assembled morning and evening, and appropriate sermons were preached by the Rev. E. Myers, F.G.S. A special re-union in connection with the church was held in the Schoolroom on the following Monday, when, in addition to readings and music, the Rev. E. Myers delivered a very interesting lecture on "George Dawson." At the conclusion of the lecture a pleasing ceremony was performed, viz., the presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Myers of a silver salver, from members of the congregation, in commemoration of their silver wedding. The presentation was made in appropriate terms by Mr. R. Watson, of Oakley Grange, and Mr. Myers suitably responded.

WARWICK.—We understand that the Rev. J. Kirk Pike, late of First Congregation, Belfast, has taken temporary charge of the church here.

WEST BROMWICH.—Another session of the Girls' Guild, under the management of Miss Greenway, was commenced last month. The first meeting of the recently-formed Literary and Social Union was held on Monday evening, October 30. About 80 friends sat down to tea just before six o'clock, and subsequently a capital entertainment, consisting of pianoforte solos, songs, and recitations, was given. Mr. Harrison, who was in the chair, asked for the hearty co-operation of the members and friends of the congregation. At the meeting on November 6, Mr Harrison read a paper on Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar." There was a fair attendance. On Monday evening, November 13, Mr. J. W. Harrison, cousin to the minister, gave a very interesting lecture on American life and character in the Far West. Mr. Harrison returned from America a few months ago, after two years' residence in Helena, Montana, and about seven months in Chicago. His descriptions of the characteristic qualities and manners of the Western Americans—girls, women, tradesmen, artisans, shoeblacks, bar-tenders, and gamblers—were highly appreciated.

THE REV. E. J. SALE, late Congregational Minister of Sohihull, has joined the Unitarians, and is open for Sunday Services. His address is still SOLIHULL.

MR. A. W. WORTHINGTON will doubtless receive many congratulations on the new J.P. dignity just conferred upon him by Lord Herschell, but none will be heartier and more sincere than those of the readers of *The Seed Sower*.

AN ORIENTAL STORY FROM CHICAGO.—The following suggestive story was told by Vorchand R. Gauthi, at the Parliament of Religions, lately held in Chicago:—"Once upon a time in a great city an elephant was brought with a circus; and the people had never seen an elephant before. There were seven blind men in the city who longed to know what kind of an animal it was, so they went together to the place where the elephant was kept. One of them placed his hands on the ears, the other on the legs, the third on the tail of the elephant, and so on. When they were asked by the people what kind of an animal the elephant was, one of the blind men said: 'Oh, to be sure, the elephant is like a big winnowing fan.' The other blind man said: 'No, my dear sir, you are wrong; the elephant is more like a big round post.' The third: 'By Jove, you are quite mistaken: it is like a tapering stick.' The rest of them gave their different opinions. The proprietor of the circus, who happened to be there, stepped forward and said: 'My friends, you are all mistaken, you have not examined the elephant from all sides. Had you done so, you would not have taken one-sided views.'"

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.—A Boston minister, Rev. Dr. McKenzie, has, we learn from the American *Congregationalist*, been discoursing to his brethren on the art of preaching extemporaneously. His own address, which lasted an hour and thoroughly charmed his audience, was in itself an excellent illustration. He held that preaching does not differ in its method from other kinds of talking. His recipe was "make sure you can state what you know. Then go into the pulpit and state it. If all you can get out of a week's life you can say in ten minutes, don't take eleven. If it requires forty, take it. If you have thought your message into your life, and your life into it, it will not be difficult to tell it." This address might, with advantage, have been delivered before the recently-assembled Congregational Union. *The Echo* has been commenting, and with justice, on the singular slavery to paper which was there exhibited. One minister delivering an address read from the inevitable manuscript, on the subject of "The Ministry," said that one of the questions necessary to put to candidates was, "Can you preach?" As our contemporary neatly remarks, the answer might be, "No, but I can read a paper!" On the other hand, the Rev. John Watson, the eminently successful Presbyterian minister, at Sefton Park, Liverpool, has lately been delivering his soul on "The Genesis of a Sermon," when he said "extemporary" was too often "extrumpery." He was dead, however, against sermons being read. He stood for the most thorough manuscript preparation, and then—freedom and fire!

Midland Church Calendar for December.

ATHERSTONE: Unitarian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. J. Howard, of Tamworth. Service at 3 p.m.

BIRMINGHAM: Church of the Messiah, Broad Street.
Minister: Rev. James Crossley, 5, Wyndham Road. Services: 11 and 6-30.
Special: Annual Sermons in aid of Fazeley Street Mission, Sunday, Dec. 3rd. Preacher: Rev. C. H. Wellbeloved.

BIRMINGHAM: The Hurst Street Mission.
Minister: Rev. W. J. Clarke, 160, Pershore Road. Services: 10-15, 2-45, and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Fazeley Street Mission.
Minister: Rev. T. Pipe, 59, Great Brook Street. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Newhall Hill Church.
Minister: Rev. A. A. Charlesworth, 18, South Road, Handsworth. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Old Meeting Church.
Minister: Rev. Joseph Wood, 120, Gough Road, Edgbaston. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Church of the Saviour.
Minister: Rev. J. C. Street, Bristol Road, Edgbaston. Services: 1 and 6-30.

BANBURY: Christchurch Chapel, Horse Fair.
Minister: Rev. H. Hill, 5, Crouch Street. Service: Evening, 6-30.
Special: Subjects of Special Sermons, Dec. 3rd, "Winners in the Race of Life;" Dec. 17th, "The Broader Faith;" Dec. 31st, "The Unfinished Work of Life. Christmas Day, Service at 6-30 p.m.

COSELEY: The Old Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. Henry Eachus. Services: 11 and 6-30.

CRADLEY: Netherend Chapel.
Minister: Rev. A. E. O'Connor. Services 11 and 6-30.

DUDLEY: The Old Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. A. H. Shelley. Services: 11 and 6-30.

EVESHAM: Oak Street Meeting House.
Minister: Vacant. Services: 11 and 6-30.

KIDDERMINSTER:
Minister: Rev. E. D. Priestley Evans. Services: 10-30 and 6-30.

KINGSWOOD: Kingswood Chapel, Hollywood.
Minister: Rev. J. Hardinge Matthews. Services: 11 and 6-30.

LOUGHBOROUGH: Unitarian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. H. Haycock, Beacon Road. Services: 11 and 6-30.

OLDBURY: Unitarian Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. Henry McKean, The Dingle, Oldbury. Services: 11 and 6-30.

SHREWSBURY: High Street Church.
Minister: Rev. E. Myers, F.G.S., Claremont Hill. Services: 11 and 6-30.
Service on Christmas Day at 11.

STOURBRIDGE: Presbyterian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. A. W. Timmis. Services: 11 and 6-30.

TAMWORTH: Cole Hill Chapel.
Minister: Rev. J. Howard, 17, Aldergate. Services: 11 and 6-30.

THE LYE: Unitarian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. I. Wrigley, B.A. Service: 6-30.

WALSALL. Unitarian Free Church.
Minister: Rev. Peter Dean, 3, Sandwell Street. Services: 11-15 and 6-30.

WEST BROMWICH: Lodge Road Chapel.
Minister: Rev. John Harrison Jesson Street. Services: 11 and 6-30.
Special: Sunday Evening, December 3rd, Special Musical Service, Haydn's "Imperial Mass."

WHITCHURCH: Church of the Saviour, Highgate.
Minister: Rev. George Eyre Evans, 5, Mill Street. Services: 11, 2-15 for Children, 6-30.

WOLVERHAMPTON: Unity Church, Snow Hill.
Minister: Rev. L. G. Harris Crook, Oaklands Road. Services: 11 and 6-30.

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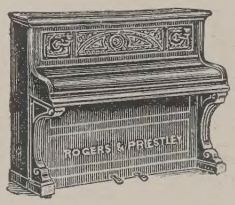

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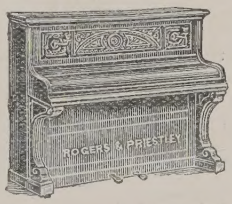

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Midland Church Calendar for January.

ATHERSTONE: Unitarian Chapel.

Minister: Rev. J. Howard, of Tamworth. Service at 3 p.m.

BIRMINGHAM: Church of the Messiah, Broad Street.

Minister: Rev. James Crossley, 5, Wyndham Road. Services: 11 and 6-30.
Annual Sunday School Sermons on January 21st, by Rev. L. P. Jacks, M.A., of Liverpool.

BIRMINGHAM: The Hurst Street Mission.

Minister: Rev. W. J. Clarke, 160, Pershore Road. Services: 10-15, 2-45, and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Fazeley Street Mission.

Minister: Rev. T. Pipe, 59, Great Brook Street. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Newhall Hill Church.

Minister: Rev. A. A. Charlesworth, 18, South Road, Handsworth. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Old Meeting Church.

Minister: Rev. Joseph Wood, 120, Gough Road, Edgbaston. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Church of the Saviour.

Minister: Rev. J. C. Street, Bristol Road, Edgbaston. Services: 1 and 6-30.

BANBURY: Christchurch Chapel, Horse Fair.

Minister: Rev. H. Hill, 5, Crouch Street. Service: Evening, 6-30.
Subjects: January 14th, "Does it matter what a man believes?;" January 28th, "A Characteristic Definition of a Unitarian."

COSELEY: The Old Meeting House.

Minister: Rev. Henry Eachus. Services: 11 and 6-30.

CRADLEY: Netherend Chapel.

Minister: Rev. A. E. O'Connor. Services 11 and 6-30.

DUDLEY: The Old Meeting House.

Minister: Rev. A. H. Shelley. Services: 11 and 6-30.

EVESHAM: Oak Street Meeting House.

Minister: Rev. Rudolf Davies. Services: 11 and 6-30.

KIDDERMINSTER:

Minister: Rev. E. D. Priestley Evans. Services: 10-30 and 6-30.

KINGSWOOD: Kingswood Chapel, Hollywood.

Minister: Rev. J. Hardinge Matthews. Services: 11 and 6-30.

LOUGHBOROUGH: Unitarian Chapel.

Minister: Rev. H. Haycock, Beacon Road. Services: 10-45 and 6-30.

OLDBURY: Unitarian Meeting House.

Minister: Rev. Henry McKean, The Dingle, Oldbury. Services: 11 and 6-30.

SHREWSBURY: High Street Church.

Minister: Rev. E. Myers, F.G.S., Claremont Hill. Services: 11 and 6-30.

STOURBRIDGE: Presbyterian Chapel.

Minister: Rev. A. W. Timmis. Services: 11 and 6-30.

TAMWORTH: Cole Hill Chapel.

Minister: Rev. J. Howard, 17, Aldergate. Services: 11 and 6-30.

THE LYE: Unitarian Chapel.

Minister: Rev. I. Wrigley, B.A. Service: 6-30.

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